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LOUDON:
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1853.
PROSPECTUS OF
THE LOUDON FREE PRESS,
For 1853.

Having assumed the onerous and responsible duties of public journalists, we feel the just desire to increase the circulation of our paper, as it will not only increase our capabilities of doing good, but at the same time give us reasonable remuneration for our labors. To accomplish this desirable end, we have determined to send out this Prospectus with a request that all who feel an interest in the increased circulation of our paper will send us the largest number of subscribers they possibly can. Yet, we cannot make this request without tendering appropriate acknowledgments to several friends whose exertions in procuring us subscribers have not been unnoticed by us.

We deem it unnecessary to occupy a lengthy exposition of the leading features of the *Free Press*. Its political complexion is uncompromisingly *Whig*;—but we are truly glad that the evil taints of unrelenting political warfare has for a time at least ceased, and those so long and so recently in antagonistic array, are drawing together in friendship and in purpose, to mingle united effort and united wisdom to advance the interests and the true glory of the *land*. We look to the promotion of the interests of Agriculture, of Manufactures and of Commerce, as being by far more important to the improvement of the country, than any political issue upon which the American people are extensively divided. These great interests shall have our warmest support. Our leading aim shall be to *arouse public sentiment* to the importance of industrial progress—of enriching our fields, of beautifying our homes—of starting up the busy hum of industry and enterprise.

As to the merits of the *Free Press* it is for the public to judge—we can only claim that we have earnestly endeavored to publish a paper worthy of public patronage. It is filled with readable matter—containing the latest Foreign and Domestic News—full and impartial quotations of the *Producers Markets* of London, Augusta, Savannah, Macon, Charleston, and Nashville, with occasional quotations from other important points—together with the prices and number of Hogs sold in Cincinnati each week during Packing season—also the prices of Pork at numerous other points, so as to give our Readers a broad and correct basis of judgment in regard to this important article of trade. In a word, our paper is for the business men of East Tennessee.

We are anxious to increase our circulation, and have determined to offer the *Free Press* at greatly reduced prices to Clubs—money to accompany the names, as follows—

Single copy, per annum,	\$2 00
Three Copies, "	5 00
Eight Copies, "	12 00
Twelve Copies, "	15 00
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J. W. & S. B. O'BRIEN, Publishers.
London, Tenn., Jan. 15, 1853.

[Correspondence of the New-York Tribune.]
DANGER OF WAR.

LOXDOX, Friday, Jan. 7, 1853.—Statesman of the Continent feel some uneasiness about the future policy of the French Emperor. He does not cease to protest that his intentions are peaceful, but no body believes in his sincerity. Symptoms similar to those which preceded the coup d'etat, are auguries of war and aggression; pamphlets written by obscure men, advocating the old theory of the boundaries of France, and that they should be extended to the Rhine, to the Alps and the Baltic, are freely circulated all over the country, just in the same way in which the pamphlets calling for the establishment of the Empire were circulated before the famous 24 December; and the police, which seizes every republican allusion and stops every expression of legitimate feeling, does not interfere with these other incendiary publications.—England is completing her naval armament and her national defenses. Prussia is providing Coblenz, her greatest fortress on the Rhine, with military stores, as if a siege might be anticipated, and Russia is marching her armies slowly in a south-western direction. Everybody fears something unexpected in the spring, and the French officers speak openly about a campaign looming in the future.

Besides, Napoleon seems anxious to stir up old quarrels and to keep open the possibility of a rupture. The courts of Brussels and Turin are treated harshly, King Leopold must degrade himself so far as to refuse to Kossuth the permission to visit his dying mother. In Sardinia the French Ambassador openly protects the reactionary Roman Catholic clergy, and takes the part of the ultramontane opposition against the ministry. In Naples Prince Murat claims damages for the jewels and furniture of the royal palaces which passed into the hands of the Bourbons in 1815, and the King of Naples is already so much frightened that he offers fifteen millions of francs to the son of the man who was shot by the order of the King's grandfather. By the bye the creditors of Murat at Bordentown and Elizabethtown have now a good chance to be paid, as the Prince is to become rich by Neapolitan indemnity. In Turkey, Napoleon has raised a squabble whether the key to the Holy Sepulcher is to be kept by the Greeks or by the Latins, into a question of first rate importance, and the poor Sultan, who does not care much about the keys and their guardianship, is threatened by Russia as well as by France on account of the matter. This question illustrates very well the policy of Europe towards Turkey. The facts of the case are simple.

From De Bow's Review.
COL. ELLIS P. BEAN,
OR FIFTY YEARS AGO IN TEXAS.

Many persons have heard of Bean's Station, in Tennessee. Of the family from which that place derived its name, was one whose name heads this article. In the year 1800, when 18 years of age, seized with a spirit of adventure, and with the young spirits of that day in the west, which was opposed by his parents, young Bean clandestinely left his father's roof and passed down the Mississippi in a flatboat. At Natchez his employer died, and he was thrown out of employment, penniless, and among strangers. Thus situated, he was left to reflect upon his condition, and work out his own fortune. Two pood to return home, he resolved to embark in whatever might fall in his way. At that day there was an occasional contraband trade carried on by means of pack-mules, in caravans, from Natchez, with the Spanish towns of San Antonio, and places on the Rio Grande, attended with great peril, of course, from the numerous Indian tribes inhabiting the vast wilds between the points named, as well as from the vigilance of the Spanish soldiery, ever on the alert to seize all such parties and obtain their merchandise. Most distinguished among these bold traffickers was one Noland. He was about to leave Natchez at this time, (then the spring of 1801), and young Bean, by some accident, made his acquaintance, and eagerly joined his expedition.

Noland's party consisted of 22 men, with a considerable amount of goods. They advanced into Texas, and reached a point between the Trinity and Brazos rivers, where they were discovered, and attacked by a body of Spanish troops. Noland occupied a very good position, and made a desperate defence, but was overpowered, thirteen of the party being killed, including Noland himself, and the remaining nine, including Bean, being made prisoners. The prisoners were hurried forward to San Antonio, and there imprisoned for several months. Thence they were sent, under guard, through Monclova, to Chihuahua, and there imprisoned and chained. Here they were kept in close confinement three years, when they were allowed the privilege of the city limits, and to labor on their own account. Some of them, however, had died in the mean time, and others had been sent to other places, and were never afterwards heard of. Bean had learned the hating business in Tennessee, and followed it probably perhaps a year in Chihuahua, when the yearling he had to see his native land, and near six years' absence, indeed him, with his two remaining comrades, to run away, and endeavor to reach the United States. But they were arrested near El Paso, taken back, severely chastised, and, after being heavily ironed, again imprisoned. Bean, however, had many friends in Chihuahua, who, after several months, with strong promises on his part for good conduct in future, succeeded in procuring the liberty of the city for him as before. After following his old business for some time, however, he resolved upon another effort to see his native country, and was again overtaken and carried back. He was now placed under a strong escort, and started for the south, with the least intimation of his destination. In the route, he was transferred from one party of soldiers to another almost daily, and passed the cities of Guadalupe and Guanajuato. At the latter place, he was detained several days, during which time his noble and commanding person won upon the affections of some sonnetta so far as to prompt, a letter to him, in which she avowed her love, and pledged every sacrifice to obtain his pardon and win his hand. But he was never allowed to see her.

Poor Bean was finally conveyed to Acapulco, one of the most sickly places on the Pacific, and thrown into the most filthy dungeon, where not a ray of light penetrated, and the only air allowed him issued through the base of a stone wall six feet thick. In this dismal abode, his person was constantly covered with filthy vermin, and no one allowed to see him, except once a day, to give him a scanty allowance of food. His only companion was a white lizard, which he succeeded in taming, and making very fond of him. Even this, said he, was a source of much pleasure to his sinking spirit. The air hole had to be closed at night to prevent the ingress of serpents, which were abundant at that place. On one occasion he omitted to close it, and in the night he was awakened by the movements of an enormous monster, that had found his way in, and was crawling over his body. His ready mind prompted him to lie perfectly still, until his prison door should open, when, espousing the serpent's eyes, he dispatched him by a well-aimed stroke of his knife through the head. He then triumphantly threw the writhing monster out of his cell on to the market floor adjoining, which so astonished the natives present, and excited their admiration and pity, that a petition was sent to the governor for a mitigation of his sufferings. That humane individual graciously decreed that thereafter he should be allowed to work, though in chains, with a party of miscreant soldiers during the day, and only imprisoned at night. Even this he found a happy relief.

But Bean was a worthy son of Tennessee, and could not subdue the noble spirit of his family and his countrymen that wrestled in his bosom—his heart yearned for liberty. So he sought an early occasion to knock off his chains, and with his crowbar killed three of his astonished guards, escaped to the neighboring mountains. But here he was reduced to a skeleton by starvation, and recaptured. His old cell now became his only abode, aggravated by fogging and divers other indignities. After another year he was again allowed the same privilege. But his bold spirit prompted a similar attempt for liberty, in the vain hope of reaching the United States. In the effort he killed the soldiers, and taking the route for Upper California, traveled three hundred miles, when he was seized again, the news of his escape having preceded him, and again carried back. He was now subjected to every imaginable hardship and cruelty—confined in a horizontal position, with stocks around his neck, so as to prevent a change of his posture, and there, for weeks, almost devoured by chinchias and other vermin. His appeals for mercy, by the populace, and even when addressed to a professed man of God, were treated with contemptuous mockery.

But after ten years of bondage, the day of his freedom was drawing nigh. The Mexican Revolution broke out in 1810, and raged with great fury, threatening the overthrow of royalty in Mexico. The royalists had become alarmed, they had learned to look upon Bean as a chain of lions—a redoubtable hero—and now, in the hour of their troubles, they offered him liberty on condition that he would join their standard. This he readily promised; but with a mental reservation that he should desert their hated standard on the first possible occasion, and join the patriots. Within a few days he was sent on a scout with seven men, to reconnoitre the position of Gen. Morelos, the patriot chief. When near the encampment of that officer, Bean addressed his companions on liberty in general, and proposed they should join the patriots. All acquiesced, and did so. Reporting himself once to Morelos, he gave him minute information as to the position of the royalists—an attack was at once planned, and carried out with triumphant success, Bean having received a Captain's commission in advance. For his reckless daring in the action, he was crowned with roses, proclaimed a Colonel on the same day, and placed at the head of five hundred men.

From that day forward, his name and deeds spread like wildfire throughout Mexico, and was everywhere received with veneration by the countless multitudes. For three years he was the chief reliance of the veteran Morelos, in the desperate struggle that succeeded, with varied success—wherever he fought victory followed. He had learned in Tennessee how to make gunpowder. This knowledge proved to be of immense advantage to the patriots. He was soon conducted, amid flying banners and deafening shouts, a conqueror into Acapulco, the scene of his sufferings. The patriots, who had been his persecutors, on bonded knees now begged for mercy. The veritable man of God who had mocked his sufferings, now supinely crouched at his feet. But the loosed lion seemed to avenge his wrongs on the pusillanimous suppliants, and dismissed them with warnings for their future conduct.

At the close of about three years, from the havoc made among the royalists by Morelos and Bean, an overwhelming force had been thrown into that portion of the country, and the patriots met with such reverses—such as to change their plan of operations. It was agreed that Bean should cross the country to the Gulf of Mexico, and endeavor to reach New Orleans by water, with the view of appealing to the United States for aid. With two companions, (both seamen), he made his way across the country. On his route he became suddenly attached to a lady near Jalapa, and married her, with a pledge that whenever duty permitted he would return, and spend his days with her. Arriving at Soto la Marina, he stole a sloop in the night from the harbor, and put to sea. A few days wafted them safely to New Orleans, where they arrived about ten days before the great battle of the 8th of January, after Bean had been absent from his country fourteen years. This was the first information he had ever received from the United States, and hence the first intimation he had of the war between our country and Great Britain. Bean at once reported himself to Gen. Jackson, who had known him in boyhood, and in the battle fought as a volunteer aid to the old hero. Soon afterwards he returned to Mexico, with what success we know not, but returned to Tennessee for a short time in 1817, where he wrote out a detailed history of his singular career, and left it with one of his half brothers, by whose kindness we were allowed, several years ago, to read it several times, and from memory, have sketched the foregoing account.

In conclusion, we have learned from other sources, that Bean was retained in Mexico as a colonel in the army, after her independence was established, and redeemed his pledge to the confiding lady he had married. In 1827, when the Fredonian war broke out at Nacogdoches, Texas, he was colonel commandant of the Mexican garrison there. In 1835, he returned to Mexico, and resumed his residence at Jalapa; and in 1843, the last we ever heard of him, he was a retired officer on half-pay, and though 61 years of age, was in fine health.

A PRECIOUS SCOUNDREL.

The facts in regard to a most extraordinary series of villainies have just come to knowledge. A man calling himself H. F. Painter, having a little girl with him about six years of age, came into this neighborhood, about the last of August, of last year, and commenced the business of chair-making, a few miles from this place. About Christmas he left suddenly, with a mare he had stolen, leaving sundry debts unpaid, and contracts unfulfilled. He contrived debts whenever he could obtain credit, and was advertised as a scoundrel in one of the town papers, by one of his creditors. Since his departure revelations have been made by negroes here, and in Robertson county, which prove that he had been tampering with the slave population. He promised a number of slaves safe passage to the free State, upon the payment to him of twenty dollars, and authorized the same proposition to be made to the entire slave population. He induced the negroes to steal the mare for him upon which he left, promising them that as soon as he could go to Charlotte and sell the animal he would return, and the negroes were to be ready to leave with him as soon as he got back. Quite a gang of negroes assembled in Robertson county during the holidays awaiting his return. One of the negroes who had been tampered with, persuaded his wife to murder his mistress, in order to get possession of two hundred and fifty dollars known to be in the house, so that she might go with him to the free States. The negro woman is now in jail at Springfield. It is thought that Painter had no idea of running the negroes off, but that he was merely levying contributions upon them for his own benefit. There is no question that he aroused sanguine hopes of freedom in their minds, and produced a very high degree of dissatisfaction among them. Whatever his purpose, the result has been the same.

A vile attempt has been made upon the life of a respectable lady, masters have been robbed, and a rebellious spirit aroused in the hearts of negroes by his villainy, and behooves all good citizens to exert themselves to bring him to justice. When last heard of, Painter was in the city of Nashville. He is about 5 feet 6 inches spare made, very black hair, and blue eyes, and has an upper front tooth out. The little girl is undoubtedly his daughter, and his attachment to her, which will probably induce him to keep her with him possibly aid in his detection.—*Charlotte Jeffersonian.*

We learn that real estate along the line of our railroad has still continues rapidly to appreciate in value. In a few years the almost entire country between this and LaGrange will be cut up into fifty and one hundred acre lots and occupied by fine family residences. In this way the wealth of the country will be increased and the tone and character of society improved at the same time, that the energies of our people will be more fully drawn out and the resources of our soil developed. All speed and success to the railroad, say we.—*Mem. Eagle.*

INSIDE OF A CHINESE HOUSE.—In a book recently published by Mrs. Eliza J. G. Bageman, who went to China as a missionary, we have the account of a visit to Mrs. Pwan, the lady of Pwan Tingkwa, who, we are told, is a "salt merchant of wealth, and somewhat favorable to foreigners."

"Pwan Tingkwa is employed in the service of the government; this gives him some distinction. He has ten wives. The lady of the house or number one wife, did not make her appearance until a little time had elapsed. At length she entered the room and the others gave place, while she received her visitors, and refused to take her seat until every one of her guests were seated. She was a beautiful young creature, not over twenty-one years of age.—Her hair was arranged in their usual tasteful manner, and adorned with flowers, pearls and other ornaments. She was attired in a simple dress of grass cloth, tight about the throat, with large sleeves, exposing a beautiful hand, and wrist full of bracelets. Underneath her grass cloth tunic she wore embroidered skirt that nearly concealed her little feet. Her manners were graceful and elegant. To the remarks of the ladies, (her visitors) she responded courteously, never allowing herself to sit while any of the ladies were standing.

"Tea was served in small cups with covers, without milk or sugar. Soon after this we were invited into another department. Mrs. Pwan, our lady host, took Mrs. Parker by the hand and led the way, while several other of Mr. Pwan Tingkwa's ladies attended to the rest of us, and we followed, the company of relatives, nurses, servants and children succeeded, all eager to satisfy their curiosity by gazing at us. A repast was prepared, consisting of jellies, fruits, nuts etc, which in the east is called tiffin, the Chinese call it a bit for the heart. It was easy to distinguish the lady of the house; she moved to be seated, while she presided, the others standing, and the servants fanning us while we partook of the delicacies. According to Chinese etiquette, Mrs. Pwan presented some fruit or jelly on her fork or on her chop-stick to each lady, and we would return the compliment, she rising very gracefully and receiving it; they even go so far as to put it into your mouth.

"Tiffin being finished, we repaired to her private bed room. It was furnished with a mirror, bureau, bedstead with mattress, the bed-clothes neatly laid in folds and put aside in the back part of the bed. We followed Mrs. Pwan, all the attendants accompanying us, through the different apartments of this spacious building still unfinished. The carving was elegant.—The rooms were furnished with divans, centre-tables, mirrors and chandeliers. The ceilings were beautifully painted with birds and flowers. A gallery was appropriated to the *sing-song* (theatre).

"In going down the stair-case, we passed the room where 'his excellency' and guests—the gentlemen who accompanied us—were regaling themselves with choice refreshments; they could not help turning their heads to catch a glimpse of the fair Chinese ladies. At length the time arrived for us to leave; the females of the house, one and all, retired to the inner apartments, and the gentlemen conducted us to our sedans. On returning home, we suffered our faces to be exposed, and gazers were not a few, eagerly striving to get a peep at the *fan quips*, or foreign devil's wives, as they stigmatized us. "I could not learn that in Pwan Tingkwa's household knew how to read in her own language, and as to their employments, much time is spent at the toilet—embroidery perhaps occupy a part, and then the amusements of the theatre, and others equally frivolous fill up the rest. Not many mothers after this visit, I heard of the death of Mrs. Pwan, and also learned that her husband was never pleased with her. I remember one of our company once asked him how he passed his time? He replied, his wives were all over his house, and he amused himself with them."

HINTS TO YOUNG WOMEN.—If young women waste their time in trivial amusements, in the prime season for improvement, which is between the ages of sixteen and twenty, they will hereafter regret bitterly the loss, when they come to feel themselves inferior in knowledge to almost every one they converse with; and above all, if they should ever be mothers, when they feel their inability to direct and assist the pursuits of their children, they will find ignorance a severe mortification and a real evil. Let it be an aim of their industry, and let not a modest opinion of their capacities be a discouragement to their endeavors after knowledge. A moderate understanding with diligent and direct application, will go further than a mere lively genius, if attended with that impatience and inattention which too often attend quick parts. It is not for want of capacity that so many women are such trifling and insipid companions, so ill-qualified for the friendship and conversation of a sensible man, or for the task of instructing or governing a family; it is often the neglect of cultivating the talent they really have, and from omitting to cultivate a relish for intellectual, moral and religious improvement. By this neglect, they lose the sincerest pleasures, which would remain when almost every other source of their enjoyment is dried up, and which would be a comfort and resource in almost every possible situation in life.

A New Feature in Business.—C.E. Grenville & Co., have employed five coopers from Boston to make casks for Bacon. They commence with an order of one thousand. Messrs. Dell, of the Chattanooga Steam Mills, have from twenty to thirty hands engaged in making barrels for flour and whiskey. This new branch creates a demand for staves. Thus, by the introduction of some new business is the good effect felt on many classes, directly and indirectly, which otherwise could get no employment.—*Chattanooga Advertiser.*

If you wish to know how quick you can run a mile tell a red-headed woman that her baby squints.

From the New Orleans Picayune.
SANTA ANNA.

Among the numberless wonderful celebrities that our sister Republic has given birth to in her brief but stirring history, heroes of a single skirmish, statesmen of a small diplomacy, immortals whose eternity of fame has reached its culmination in from nine days to a year, there has been no one so prominent, so able or so fortunate as the one-legged hero of San Jacinto—that marvellous military success, who, in his later conflict at Cerro Gordo stuck to and strengthened the old maxim—

"He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day."

There may exist much latitude of opinion with regard to the bravery, and skill, the statesmanship and patriotism of Santa Anna. It may be doubted whether he loves Mexico, and it may be doubted whether Mexico loves him. Of one thing, however, there can be no doubt, and that is that the life he has had from the time he first embarked in a revolution against Irbide to the present, has been remarkably eventful and full of accident. He has seen all social positions from the lowest to the highest; all political positions from insouciance to practical impatience; all military positions from a foot soldier to the commander-in-chief. He has climbed to the topmost heights only to be knocked off and driven out the country. He has returned and taken up his rank as though it was resigned by his own volition. He has made revolutions and crushed revolutions. He has banished and been banished. In his person two great extremes of fortune have met and struggled. As yet it is uncertain whether Santa Anna will die at home or in exile, on the throne or on the scaffold.

We said that his life has been eventful, and so it has. There are probably few men living whose histories will exhibit a web of so strikingly varied and contracted colors, who have been so high and so low as the ex-President. Starting in life with a name wholly obscure and unknown, he has rendered it familiar in all quarters of the world. Commencing as a royalist, he has been a republican, a federalist and a centralist, a democrat and an aristocrat, as the emergencies of the moment seemed to require. In 1821 he assisted in expelling the royalist from Vera Cruz, and obtained the command of the city under Irbide. In 1822 he has deposed, and began war against his late superior, and succeeded in overthrowing him. Elected in his personal aims by the final results of this movement, he retired, but only to foment another. In 1828 he supported Guerrero against Pedraza, and was made commander of the army. In 1829 he went over to the side of Pedraza, fought and conquered his former friends, and intrigued for the Presidency. In 1833 he obtained the office he sought, and was recognised as President. Thus far his life has been successful—his objects gained, his aims secured. The changes he made invariably rebounded to his benefit. The battles he fought were always won. The party he favored were sure of success. His political tergiversations were inexhaustible, but they were guided by victory. His treacheries were startling, but few cared to talk about them. He was the favorite of the army, and the army was sovereign. In 1835 the reform party, the leadership of Lacatcos, proclaimed against him, and four provinces joined the insurrection. Lacatcos was conquered, the reform party annihilated by death or exile, and Santa Anna became Dictator. His star was still in the ascendant, but soon it waned. The adhesion he gave in to the central party, and the subsequent abrogation of the liberal constitution of 1824, induced the American colonists in Texas to proclaim their independence. Of the results of that movement we need not speak.

The success which had hitherto invariably attended the military movements of Santa Anna failed him in the efforts for his subjugation. At San Jacinto he was conquered and captured. In 1837 the reform party, the leadership of Lacatcos, proclaimed against him, and four provinces joined the insurrection. Lacatcos was conquered, the reform party annihilated by death or exile, and Santa Anna became Dictator. His star was still in the ascendant, but soon it waned. The adhesion he gave in to the central party, and the subsequent abrogation of the liberal constitution of 1824, induced the American colonists in Texas to proclaim their independence. Of the results of that movement we need not speak.

There is an even-tide in human life, a season when the eye becomes dim and the strength decays, when the winter of age begins to shed upon the human head its prophetic snows. It is the season of life to which the autumn is most analogous, and which it becomes; and much it would profit you, my elder brethren, to mark the instruction which the season brings. The spring and summer of your days are gone, and with them not only joys they knew, but many of the friends who gave them. You have entered upon the autumn of your being, and whatever may have been the profusion of your spring, or the warm temperature of your summer, there is a season of stillness or solitude which the beneficence of heaven affords you, in which you may meditate upon the past and future, and prepare yourself for the mighty change which you may soon undergo. It is now that you may understand the magnificent language of heaven—it mingles its voice with that of revelation—it summons you those hours when the leaves fall and the winter is gathering, to that evening study which the mercy of heaven has provided in the book of salvation. And while the shadowy valley opens, which leads to the abode of death, it speaks of that love which can comfort and save, and which conducts to those green pastures and those still waters where there is an eternal spring for the children of God.

The following beautiful thoughts on the close of the year, are from the pen of Goethe.

A STORY WITH MORAL.—Some years ago Mr. R., an American gentleman, having discovered some new process by which he thought money could be made in England, concluded to try his fortune in London. Very soon after his arrival he presented himself at the office of one of the leading journals, and requested to see the editor. He was desired to give in his name and business, which he did, and an answer was speedily brought that the editor was engaged. By dint of great urgency, he at last succeeded in making his way to the room of the sub-editor, and having never found any difficulty in obtaining a hearing from a gentleman of the press in his own country, where the time of an editor is considered almost public property, he proceeded at once to explain his discovery, supposing that it would be received as a favor, and duly glorified, as a matter of course, in the next day's impression! Before he had fairly made his beginning, however, the sub-editor cut him short, politely but firmly, by saying he had no time to spare, and that he presumed his visitor's object to have his discovery noticed. "Why, yes sir, I should like—" "It can't be done sir, without trouble; write whatever you like, it shall go in; of course you will leave your name and address. The clerk of the office will arrange with you as to terms. Good morning, sir."—Finding himself bowed out, Mr. R. went back to the office, where he was furnished with pen, ink and paper, sat down, and in the course of some twenty minutes produced an editorial paragraph of perhaps twice that number of lines. This he handed to the clerk, merely asking whether it would appear the next day.

"Certainly, sir. Editorial!"
"Yes, sir, in the editorial column."
"I presume you would not wish it in the largest type used on the paper?"
"Why, yes, sir, I should prefer that."
"In that case, sir, the charge will be ten guineas; in the small type, five."
"Mr. R. took his manuscript and withdrew.

ENCOURAGING.—We sent a collector into the country the other day to "stir up delinquents." The following report indicates the progress.
Sept. 7. Called on Sourly, Grapes and Co. Says he will pay you, but when he does it will over the face and eyes. Looks upon the Dutchman as a humbug and has ever since refused to publish his poem on guano. Says if you send any more papers, he will sue you for the postage.
Sept. 8. Called on Grant, Fuss & Co. Mr. Grant objected to paying, because the Dutchman spoke disrespectfully of the efforts made to supply the West India negroes with flannel neckties. Don't begrudge you the money, but cannot countenance immorality in any manner. Refuses, not from any ill feeling, but from "a pure matter of principle."
Sept. 9. Called on Smith & Jones. Talked like gentlemen and paid up promptly. In their opinion there is no paper printed like the Dutchman. Wanted it for five more years. Their bill was \$3,000. Give me a five dollar bill, for which I gave a receipt in full and \$1.50, in change. In my opinion no finer men in the world than Smith and Jones.

Sept. 10. The bill I took yesterday of Smith and Jones I undertook to pass today, and get arrested for attempting to put off counterfeit money. Am now in jail, with every prospect of going to the State Prison. Great scoundrels, that Smith and Jones. Don't send them your paper another day. Till I serve my time out at Auburn, you may as well appoint another agent in my place. Love to mother, and tell her I will be home when I get "out of my time."
Yours, Wm. Green.

Note.—If any of your readers wish to take Mr. Green's office, now is the time to make an application.—*New York Dutchman.*
There is an even-tide in human life, a season when the eye becomes dim and the strength decays, when the winter of age begins to shed upon the human head its prophetic snows. It is the season of life to which the autumn is most analogous, and which it becomes; and much it would profit you, my elder brethren, to mark the instruction which the season brings. The spring and summer of your days are gone, and with them not only joys they knew, but many of the friends who gave them. You have entered upon the autumn of your being, and whatever may have been the profusion of your spring, or the warm temperature of your summer, there is a season of stillness or solitude which the beneficence of heaven affords you, in which you may meditate upon the past and future, and prepare yourself for the mighty change which you may soon undergo. It is now that you may understand the magnificent language of heaven—it mingles its voice with that of revelation—it summons you those hours when the leaves fall and the winter is gathering, to that evening study which the mercy of heaven has provided in the book of salvation. And while the shadowy valley opens, which leads to the abode of death, it speaks of that love which can comfort and save, and which conducts to those green pastures and those still waters where there is an eternal spring for the children of God.

The following beautiful thoughts on the close of the year, are from the pen of Goethe.
"The year is going away like the sound of bells. The wind passes over the stubble and fields nothing to move. Only the red berries of that slender tree seem as if they would faintly remind us of something cheerful; and the measured beat of the thrasher's flail calls up the thought, that in the dry and failing year lies so much nourishment and life."

Velocity of the Wind.—The velocity of the wind is from an imperceptible movement to 100 miles in an hour. When moving at the rate of one mile per hour, it may be said to be hardly perceptible; at ten to fifteen, pleasant or brisk; at twenty to twenty-five, very brisk and bracing; at thirty to thirty-five, high; at thirty-five, to forty-five, very high; at fifty, a storm; at sixty, a great storm; at eighty, a hurricane; at one hundred, a hurricane, uprooting trees, and overturning houses, &c.